Nim. I ſhall haue my eight ſhillings I wonne of you at betting.

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou haue, and ready pay,
And liquor likewiſe will I giue to thee,
And friendſhip ſhall combinde our brotherhood,
Ile liue by *Nim*, as *Nim* ſhall liue by me:
Is not this iuſt? for I ſhall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will accrue.

Nim. I ſhall haue my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt truely paid.

Nim. Why theres the humor of it.

Enter Hoſtes.

Hoſtes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn*, poore ſoule is ſo troubled
With a burning taſhan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

Piſt. Let vs condole the knight; for lamkins we wil liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloſter.

Gloſt. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to truſt theſe traytors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Gloſt. I but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with Princely fauors,
That he ſhould for a forreigne purſe, to ſell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of *Maſſham.*

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now ſirs, the winde is faire, and we will aboord;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Maſſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs Conquerors in the field of *France*?

Maſſham. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt.

Cam.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared an
is your Maieſty.

Grey. Euen thoſe that were your fathers en
Haue ſteeped their gals in hony for your ſake

King. We therefore haue great cauſe of tha
And ſhall forget the office of our hands;
Acording to their cauſe and worthineſſe.

Maſ. So ſeruice ſhall with ſteeled ſinewes
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruice.

King. Vnckle of Exeter, enlarge the man
Committed yeſterday, that raild againſt our p
We conſider it was the heate of wine that ſet
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Maſ. That is mercy, but too much ſecurity
Let him be puniſht Soueraigne,
Leaſt the example of him, breed more of ſuch

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highneſſe, and puniſh to

Grey. You ſhew great mercy if you giue hi
After the taſte of his correction.

King. Alaſſe, your too much care and loue o
Are heauy oriſons againſt the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on diſtemper,
Should not be winked at,
How ſhould we ſtretch our eye, when capitall
Chewed, ſwallowed, and digeſted, appeare be
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge an
In their deare loues, and tender preſeruation o
Would haue him puniſht.
Now to our French cauſes.
Who are the late Commiſſioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord,
Your highneſſe bad me aske for it to day.

Maſ. So did you me my Soueraigne.

Grey. And me my Lord.